THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXV. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, MAR[illegible], 1915 No. 10

Theo Sem Room

WORTH WHILE.

I pray Thee, Lord, that when it comes to me
To say I will follow Truth and Thee,
Or choose instead to win as better worth
My pains, some cloying recompense of earth—

Grant me, great Father, from a hard-fought field,
Forespent and bruised, upon a battered shield,
Home to obscure endurance to be borne
Rather than live my own mean gains to scorn.

Far better fall with face turned toward the goal
At one with wisdom and my own worn soul,
Than ever come to see myself prevail,
When to succeed at last is but to fail.

Mean ends to win and therewith be content—
Save me from that! Direct Thou the event
As suits thy will: Where'er the prizes go,
Grant me the struggle, that my soul may grow.

—Edward Sanford Martin.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered as 2nd-class matter.

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WILLIAM SUNDAY IN A NEW ENGLAND STORM CENTER.

Along with the wide-spread interest in the evangelistic meetings conducted by William Sunday in Philadelphia goes a widespread discussion of the man and his methods. The Congregationalist recently reported the Rev. Dr. Charles R. Brown, the dean of the Yale School of Religion, as saying, after hearing Mr. Sunday, that he "was bored and disgusted and came away with the conviction that thousands of people were being buncoed by the baseball evangelist."

Boston has been quite a storm center for a few weeks with respect to Mr. Sunday, for there the question of inviting him to conduct meetings in their city has been under consideration by the ministers and churches. While it is evident that a considerable majority is favorable, such opposition has developed that those favoring it have been led to pause and to consider again and again very seriously whether it were wise to depart from their accustomed ways of religious work and give all things into the hands of this cyclonic evangelist.

When Dr. Conrad of Park Church and Dr. Myers of Tremont Temple went as leaders of a delegation to Philadelphia to invite Mr. Sunday to Boston, and Dr. Myers as spokesman for the party said, "We want you to come to Boston and give some of the opposition, as you would say, the devil," there was a distinct shock throughout New England. The Congregationalist sought editorially and by contributed articles last week to turn back the tide of opposition which was greatly increased by this remark, declaring that if it really represented the campaign committee the paper would do all that it could do to prevent the coming of Mr. Sunday to Boston, although theretofore favoring his coming.

Right here is the ground for one of the strongest objections to Mr. Sunday. He infuses into many of the people his own spirit to such a degree that they copy him in many ways. They adopt his slang and profane remarks; they become intolerant and bitter and bellicose to such a degree that they astonish frequently all who have known them theretofore. After Mr. Sunday had gone to a certain city in Ohio the disposition of one minister was so changed, he became so uncharitable and such a carping critic of everything and everybody good that didn't conform to Billy Sunday that his father felt called to intimate that he stood in great danger of wrecking his usefulness. The minister saw the truth of the statement and flung away the spirit which had possessed him through Mr. Sunday.

In a city in Dakota one Congregational pastor stood out against the meetings, gave no unseemly disapproval, but merely stated his careful estimate of the man and his methods, and refused to lead his church to join in the invitation or arrangements. Mr. Sunday proclaimed in a nearby city that he would skin that man when he reached his town. The minister quietly disclosed to the campaign committee what would be his course of proceedure if Billy Sunday opened his guns on him, and that time there was no skinning attempted. However, the subtle poison which goes out from Mr. Sunday was at work, and all the weeks while he was in that city men and women in other churches who for twenty years had been that minister's best friends and admirers would not notice him as they passed him on the streets. When, a few weeks after Mr. Sunday was gone, the spell that bound them was broken, they acknowledged the error of their ways.

In an Ohio city, after Mr. Sunday had conducted his meetings, a minister who had taken an unobtrusive stand against him was nominated on a municipal ticket, he declined the nomination. When he was urged to reconsider he said to a retired Methodist minister who was his staunch friend: Go over to the Y. M. C. A. building today where the ministers of the city are in session and if you come back and say to me that there is not a concerted effort to defeat me because of my opposition to Mr. Sunday, and that the ministers would not prefer to see the whole ticket go down in defeat rather than that I should be elected, I will reconsider the matter carefully. In a half hour the friend came back and said: I am sorry and ashamed to confess that you were right and that notwithstanding your years of interest in and study of municipal matters it would not be wise, all things considered, for you to accept the nomination.

Before the Sunday meetings there would have been no opposition to that man in that city for that municipal service.

If it should be said that Mr. Sunday is not as abusive as he once was of men who do not rally under his banner, let it go undisputed. But he creates the atmosphere yet, even when he does not speak out, and is a sower of seeds of bitterness.

All this is explicable by means of the findings of modern psychologists. Mr. Sunday does good, of cousre, but all along his track is the trail of the serpent nevertheless.

So far is he from what it seems to the present writer a man filled with the spirit of Jesus should be that it appears like a gross caricature to set him up before the whole country as the agent on which to place our greatest reliance for the bringing of men and women into the Kingdom.

Of course no one can convert a man by knocking him down, or by drugging him. But we can think of nothing other that will compare with Mr. Sunday's methods or so represent that which is so objectionable in them.

We do not believe that his success comes by the spirit of God working through him, in any religious sense, but that in his meetings he exerts that same subtle influence which he exerts when he instils that spirit of intolerance and bitterness which, beyond intelligent contradiction, he

has instilled in a large number of places, a few samples of which we have given.

The present writer remarked to a ministerial friend a few days ago that Mr. Sunday's success probably was due to something like hypnotism. The rejoinder was that he would be willing to be hypnotized to be regenerated as many of Sunday's converts were, and that even hypnotism might be used of the Lord as a regenerating force.

Very well! But this minister wasn't willing to believe in it as hypnotism. Yet hypnotism has been known to work transformations just as wonderful.

However to explain conversion as so natural a process, though by means of a force as yet so mysterious, would horrify some people.

We shall not label or attempt to label this unknown force in Mr. Sunday, but we think his success is to be explained in that he has something positive to proclaim. A great deal of it is error, and it is set forth in such ways as to fracture all the ideals to be gathered out of the life of the Man of Nazareth; but Mr. Sunday is positive that what he says is true and that what he prescribes will work, and it does work. And the physician with a commanding mentality who says to the patient with all confidence that the medicine he is about to administer will cure has by those words put the patient well along toward recovery.

This running of ministers and churches after Mr. Sunday simply because "he has the goods" is an astonishing thing to the present writer.

It is amazing to contemplate that the Christian Church has arrived at a stage in its history when so many of its leaders admit that a man who is a regular circus in his temporary pulpit is the man who must be relied on above all others to pull it through its emergencies.

We grant right here—to save our readers the trouble of citing instances and filling the columns of The Pacific with things everybody already knows—the remarkable transformations wrought by Mr. Sunday in his meetings.

We can and do overlook in Christian people in general the idiosyncracies and uncouth actions which characterize some of them, but when it comes to swallowing all that there is in the make-up of Billy Sunday and the endorsement thereof by commending him as an evangelist, it is simply staggering.

If his is a way that God has ordained for the conversion of men, for the inflow of the spirit of regeneration, why hasn't He created ten thousand Billy Sundays?

The mystery will remain after all has been said that can be said about diversities of gifts and operations and God's use of all sorts of instruments, and the quoting of " the wrath of man shall praise thee."

Yes, quote all this and much more like it; but, why has the Lord so shortened his arm? Why must the conversion of so many await the coming of this one flaming torch?—a preacher with an antiquated theology which very few of our ministers can approve, which leaders of thought in all denominations say will have to be rooted out of the converts before there can be any real foundation for Christian life and growth, and who with manner and method which disregard all the canons of good taste, wins men and women to the Christian faith with wide sanction in all our leading churches! What is God? What was Jesus of Nazareth who was God manifest in the flesh? Was he like Billy Sunday. If any should care to try to show in the columns of The Pacific that there is a likeness, the editor will welcome enlightenment,—but there are things in reserve, relating to Mr. Sunday, which will have to be demolished also before the light can shine in.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The evening congregations in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley averaged 273 during the last semester of the University of California. Dr. Brooks' sermons are such as interest the young men and young women, and many of the students are regular attendants at both the morning and the evening service. It is noteworthy that the Christian Endeavor Society has a membership three times larger than it was a year and a half ago. The morning congregations are such as to suggest the need for a new auditorium ere long. It is to be hoped that a move will be made to that end soon and that the Congregational fellowship will aid in the erection of such a building as is needed for the work which the First Congregational Church of Berkeley is doing among the University students. Contributions should come from near and from far, when the First Congregational Church of Berkeley begins to build, for it serves not Berkeley alone but every home in the land from which come the young men and the young women to avail themselves of the educational advantages of the University of California—now one of the greatest of our great universities.

"The more profound have been one's experiences, the more deeply he has thought, the more earnestly he has prayed, the less will he feel the necessity for appealing to the word of other men," said the Rev. T. T. Giffen, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Fresno, in a recent sermon. "Sometimes when I am asked to give my authority for a certain statement, I feel like replying, 'I am a Christian myself'. This was what Jesus ever tried to get men to do, to obey the law of life rather than the law of the statute books. And that which he said was the first and great commandment makes upon him who would obey it an imperative demand that he follow the light of his own inner soul rather than the direction of a code of laws". Mr. Giffen was preaching on the Seat of Authority, and remarked further: "The race has decided what shall be authoritative by an appeal to 'the seat of authority—the human conscience. It is to this same conscience that we must appeal when we read the scriptures if we are to find their true significance and deep meaning. To read the Book of Job without applying to the assertions of the various interlocutors the assertions of our own conscience would be to spend unprofitable hours, and to gain nothing but a jumble of contradictory views. Read critically, the Book of Job becomes one of the greatest messages from the mind of God to the mind of man; and it is not different with the teachings of Jesus. If in the study of Jesus' life one does not go back of the authority of the word to the authority of conscience for the interpretation of the word, one can neither understand the Master's words nor do his bidding".

In his sermon on "Traitors on the Battlefield," the second Sunday evening of his pastorate in Plymouth Church, Seattle, the Rev. Hugh G. Ross said: "We do not know the name of this old-world battle, nor why it is fought, nor with what result. We only know that the children of Ephraim turned back. They were fully equipped for their martial task, but they refused to

fight. Why? Perhaps, in the first place, it was because they were afraid. When these well-trained and well-armed soldiers saw the strength and splendor of their foes, they lost heart, and, because sure of defeat, they turned back". Then Mr. Ross went on to say: "In such calculation we leave God out. God saved weak men in all the ages. He has turned worms into giants in every land and do you suppose that He cannot give you the strength you need to turn your fear into heroism and your craven impulse to surrender into a splendid moral triumph. Or perhaps these children of Ephraim turned back because they thought they were not required. Have you ever found yourself arguing in just that way. 'God does not need me. The church does not need me. There are plenty of others.' This is an insolent argument, for I reverently declare that I believe that if God did not need you, He would never had made you. There are never plenty in God's service till they all are busy there. Or, finally, the children of Ephraim may have turned back because they thought the battle was not worth their while. Even if they won, the victory would not be worth the pain and loss involved. My brethren, there is no pain or loss that is too great a price to pay for victory against the evil that is in the world, for purity of manhood, and sweetness of womanhood, and unsullied honor towards God. If you cannot see that this is indeed true, then let this be your prayer: 'Lord, that I may receive my sight.' "

Last Sunday evening the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley preached on "The Need for Reconstruction." He asked and answered the question, "Why attempt to reconstruct our theology?" remarking that the old way was satisfactory to our fathers, and that reconstruction was both confusing and dangerous. It was shown that there had been lost out of life generally that sense of loftiness and spiritual majesty—that sense of things great and profound which made life worth while, that sense of the spiritual which possessed the souls of our fathers, and in some respects we are worse of than our fathers were. Nevertheless we cannot go back to the faith of our fathers, or to their expression of it, any more than we can go back to the days of our boyhood, or back from the electric light to the tallow candle, from the motor car to the cart. Physically it is a roomier universe in which we live—according to our knowledge of it and theirs. Spiritually it is not larger, sad to say, but there too we shall attain in time, and notwithstanding confusion and danger the call is to go forward and reconstruct and restate the Christian faith in accordance with the light of the age in which we live. After the sermon there was a half hour in the church parlors for questions. Many were propounded and all were answered in a most admirable way by Dr. Brooks. Sunday evening March the 24th Dr. Brooks will speak on "Why Believe in God?" and "What May We Believe?" There will be opportunity for questions.

Bishop Bell of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, who is stationed on the Pacific Coast, had an article in a recent number of the Methodist Recorder, a Pittsburg publication, entitled "A Restudy of Church Union". Concerning the practicability of the union of denominations of similar doctrine and polity he wrote: "It will be found impossible if we are willing to continue to live in the provincialisms of our lives rather than in the larger boundaries of providential enlargement and unifications. No, it is not practicable if we are to exalt the passing and the evanescent, if we are to make much of church names and traditions, if we are to be fond of official supremacy in small circles where our programmes even when accepted are so sorrowfully inadequate to the world's need and in constant violation of any true statesmanship for the kingdom of God. No, it can not be if we are to consult our fears and be tenacious of factional slogans. No, it can not be realized if we are forever to hark back to our human founders and clothe them with a sectarian zeal which they would repudiate if they could speak to us now out of the heavenly realities and the full liberations of redemptive love. It can not be if we remain unacquainted with one another and persist in our bigotry and isolation, if we exalt our sectarian zeal to the plane of a cardinal virtue and cry, Great is our sect and greatly to be praised in all the earth. Church union is practicable if we keep our eye on Jesus the Christ, if we seek the baptism by the Holy Spirit and fire, if we shall be willing in the day of his uniting power, if we reckon on the divine wisdom to show the way out of our perplexities, if we believe it is more important that the Christian resources of this age should be aligned in the light of current need rather than consumed in the task of maintaining parallel denominational organizations and machinery under the lash of denominational necessity, even though all the denominations already have facilities which could serve much larger numbers than are now served by them."

AN UNIQUE ASSEMBLAGE ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

On the Thursday night before the Exposition opened an unique crowd of 300 girls gathered at the National Young Women's Christian Association Building on the grounds. On the previous evening, through the courtesy of the officials, a list, complete to date, of cashiers to be employed by the Panama-Pacific International Exposition had been secured, and they had been entertained by a supper and program. The concessionaries and exhibitors furnished lists of girls they had employed and the Exposition permitted them to use their invitations as passes to the grounds at six o'clock for the second supper. Several officials attended as guests of honor.

The supper was served by volunteer helpers, young society ladies from all sides of the bay assisting. The program consisted mainly of greetings from Miss Schooley, Executive head of the Young Women's Christian Association building; Miss T. Brookman, Mr. Orin Baker of the Travellers' Aid. The key note was pulling together for the best interests of women, both employees and visitors, at the Exposition.

The world-wide scope of the Young Women's Christian Association and the Exposition itself was picturesquely obvious. At one table sat a troupe of Hawaiians. Nearby were cow-girls in full costume. A number of colored employees occupied several tables in the balcony. Perhaps the group that attracted most eyes was in a secluded corner where Japanese ladies of high degree struggled with awkward table-ware and foreign-tasting foods. Their exquisite costumes and doll-like head-dress and faces, the perfecting of Japanese beauty, called forth spontaneous ap-

plause when they entered with a Japanese gentleman as escort and interpreter.

A delightful atmosphere was given the dinner by the appearance on the great central staircase of some fifty Young Women's Christian Association members from down-town, who sang songs of welcome. A chorus of Young Men's Christian Association boys made a great hit with their jolly songs. The whole three hundred guests joined at the end of the evening in a parody, with the chorus, "It's a long way to California," and ending, "But we're glad you're here."

During the supper, cards were given each guest, containing information about the grounds of special interest to women; such as, the location of telephones, how to find lost friends. A card register was also taken of all present, so that in any emergencies the Young Women's Christian Association will have data to act upon.

WHAT SEATTLE HOPES TO DO FOR THE ORIENTALS.

The Rev. Dr. Matthews, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle, was East recently and told there what Seattle had in mind for the Japanese and Chinese. He said:

"We hope to build in Seattle, the gateway to the Orient, magnificent buildings, schools, dormitories and institutions of welcome, comfort, learning and hospitality for the Japanese and for the Chinese. This will be a national work, performed in a local community, but the nation and the nation's sentiments will be reflected in these tokens of welcome and love to Japan. The whole nation ought to assist us. We appeal to them for consideration and assistance.

"When the sentiments herein expressed become the tangible automatic rules of operation of both nations the door will be open for Japan and the United States to enter into the most profitable and unparalleled commercial, social and religious success the world has ever witnessed. Let us hasten the day. All hail to Japan, is the sentiment of America. She extends across the Pacific the flag of welcome and protection.

"The United States has no desire to acquire territory. She is not in the business of acquiring territory, conquering nations, or exploiting her neighbors. She occupies the attitude of benevolence, justice and fairness toward all nations. The United States does not contemplate creating naval fortifications or bases in the Pacific Oceon to menace, threaten or intimidate any nation.

"On the other hand, the United States is more than anxious to enter into the friendliest, closest and most practical relationships with the Oriental nations of the world. Our people, as well as our Government, are preaching a doctrine of peace, fraternity and brotherliness. We are trying to enter into relationships of permanent peace with all peoples, nations and Governments. We hope the day is not far distant when the seas will be the highways of brotherhood, fraternity and national and international love."

WORLD'S SOCIAL PROGRESS CONGRESS.

This congress will be held in the Exposition Auditorium, San Francisco, from the 1st of April to the 11th. It will be under the direction of the Committee of One Hundred, and immediately in charge of a special committee of which Bishop W. M. Bell of Los Angeles is the chairman. There will be three sessions a day, including Sundays. The congress proposes to set forth a comprehensive, sane, scientific, and religious message in behalf of social progress throughout the world. The pronouncements will be from representative leaders of all accredited schools of thought. It is the purpose to assemble on this platform speakers of known ability and high character. Their messages will be of such a timely and practical nature as to make a real contribution to the enduring influences of the Exposition. The output of this platform will afford to the Exposition visitors an integral part of the total impression which should be made upon the mind by the greatest exhibit in all history of the mighty achievements of mankind in the material aspects of civilization. What more appropriate than that there should be brought forward early in the Exposition period a congress that should call attention to the highest ideals of the race, together with the most approved methods of securing a worthy and duly progressive social order?

Addresses have been arranged for by able, representative men, on the following subjects:

The Present World Wide Social Urgency, Civil Government and Social Progress, Christ's Program for Social Progress, What Constitutes Social Progress, Jesus and Woman in Relation to Social Progress, An Adequate Social Program, The Minimum Social Program by the Church, The Modern Newspaper as a Social Progress Worker, What Does the Modern Newspaper Owe the Community Besides the News? The Family and Social Progress, Education and Social Progress, or What Should the Public School Curriculum of the Future Be? Foreign Missions and Social Progress, the Bible and Social Progress, Taxation and Social Progress, The Public Ownership of the Public Utilities as Related to Social Progress, The Social Message of the Book of Revelation and the Twentieth Century Preacher, Social Incorporation and Social Progress, Democracy and Social Progress.

An entire day will be given to "Peace and Social Progress," and an entire day also to the "Anti-Saloon Movement and Social Progress."

STATE CHURCH FEDERATION CONVENTION.

The California State Church Federation will meet in convention in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium in Sacramento Tuesday of next week. The Revs. E. P. Ryland and Guy Talbott will speak on "The History and Spirit of Church Federation." The Revs. V. McCoombs, Robert Walker and L. D. Rathbone will speak on "Church Federation and Home Missions in California". Other subjects: "The Bible and the Public Schools," Dr. James T. McGaw. "The Federated Churches and the Christianization of California," Bishop Bell. "Immigration," S. J. Lubin. "Legislation," Senators Lyon and Jones and Hon. John S. Phelps. "Social and Religious Work at the Exposition," Rev. H. H. Bell. "The Federated Churches and World Questions," Rev. M. S. Hughes. The sessions will begin at 10:30 on Tuesday and will continue through Tuesday and Wednesday. The committee is expecting a large attendance of delegates from different parts of the state.

GOD AND MAN.

(We select from the writings of Horace Traubel some thoughts concerning God, and the actions and words of men concerning him sometimes. They are from two different poems. Traubel was a great student and admirer of Walt Whitman, and patterns after Whitman.—Editor.)

* * *

I think God does pretty well:
We growl like unthankful children about the world;
We go round with our haughty noses in the air scenting defects;
We challenge the ways of God by the ways of men;
We condemn God without a hearing and make light of God's troubles;
We cheapen God to the price of the market and the codes of schools;
Yet God keeps right on being God and makes no answer,
Yet God pushes the tides along and holds the stars to their courses, and says nothing.

* * *

You want to reverse the decisions of God;
You want to shift the universe a bit to the right, or to the left, to improve its standing;
You want to take the pen out of God's hand and sign a few checks with your own name.
I have sent a lot of advice up to God in my time, so I am not feeling proud or superior,
But I say I don't think it ever did any good either to God or me,
And, to tell you the truth, I would have been afraid and tried to run off if God had taken my advice.

* * *

When I look out over the harvest field in the fall I feel that God does pretty well,
And in the winter, with winter's snow husbanding the latent life of the ground, I feel that God does pretty well,
And when the spring comes, eager for reproduction, and the summer passes the treasured burden along,
I feel that God does pretty well.

* * *

Behind all the storms God must be about something;
Behind all the things that seem to go bad God must be about something that is sure to be good;
Behind all the injustice of the earth God must be about something beneficent for the earth.

* * *

Some things throw me off the scent of God,.....
But though I invariably go away from God I invariably come back to God;
And though I find it hard to explain God's ways I find it harder not to explain God's ways;
And though God often says, "Wait" when I ask God questions, or says nothing,
I go the way of my hunger, I go the way of my thirst, committed to the necessity of God.

Do not gaze backward nor pause to contemplate anxiously what is in front, but move. If you are faithful God will carry you through. Work, and you shall believe. Do, and you shall know. You will be guided to the best convictions by being heartily engaged in an obedient service.—O. B. Frothingham.

OPTIGRAMS.

Hugh Elmer Brown, Pastor of Pilgrim Church, Seattle.

You are liable to sit on your own scales when you weigh other people.

"Hang the rebels," said the fire-eater to Lincoln. "No; hang on to them," was the laconic reply.

Lanterns are better than cudgels. Pentecostal languages are better than barbarian babble.

God is most immanent in motherhood. No other medium approaches motherhood in revealing power.

In the front seats of Purgatory will be found the person who first told a child there was no Santa Claus; next to him, the original inventor of the toy pistol.

Sin-prevention is better than sin-cure. There are some scars that redemption cannot remove.

There is a teasing quality about all perfect things. Call it the Lure of the Finished.

The Book of Daniel is being terribly abused in these catastrophic days. How it must wince under the surgical hand of curious, modern misapplications.

Somebody said that the Jesuits were responsible for this European war. Proof: Consult the Beast in the Book of Revelation. Poor old Book of Revelation, what breaking burdens it is made to carry!

It is possible to fondle the frame and forget the picture; to finger the envelope and fail to find the inside message.

Jesus used the current imagery of his day as a ready vehicle for His spiritual truths; it is essential to lift those truths out of their literary setting and phrase them in the language of our own day.

Every man assembles the materials for his own final judgment. No celestial bookkeeping is needful for such synopsis.

Conversions have not ceased. Rejuvenated lives are to be found in every village and countryside. The soul has its springtides.

When God reaches down and touches with transforming power a sinful soul, he does a greater thing than when he spins stars like tops in space.

Alfred Wallace, scientist, tells of 'The Mystery of the Cell." He is smitten with awe and adoration with the "new births" in the laboratory. He concludes for "an Indefinite Directive Intelligence."

The roads, streets and papers are full of testimonials. Shall Christians be dumb in regard to their staple?

Some church-members object to foreign missions on the ground that we have not finished the job at home. Imagine Standard Oil refusing to open up foreign markets until everybody at home used its product!

Beethoven was not troubled when a performer struck a wrong note; but he was angry when the spirit of the piece was missed.

God is not blowing soap-bubbles called men. Personality is his most precious creation. Wholesale annihilation of mankind is unthinkable. Unless all men survive physical death, then Jesus was deceived and God is beneath respect.

Mere mass-immortality will not satisfy. Immortality which does not involve survival of individuality makes no appeal to men.

The New Testament is a Treatise on Self-Respect The Gospels located a crown on the head of the individual. The mathematics of Heaven begins with a handful of individuals. One soul tips the balance against the whole world.

CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS.

Chas. N. Queen.

On Wednesday evening, the 3rd, the Conference of Charities and Corrections came to a conclusion after a three days' session, held at Fresno. Before it closed, however, it deemed it advisable to revise its name and hereafter it is to be known as "California's State Conference on Social Agencies." A year hence its meeting is to be held in Los Angeles. The officers for the ensuing yar are Dr. Milbank Johnson of Los Angeles, president; Miss E. L. Baldwin of San Francisco as first vice-president; E. G. Lickley, second vice-president; and Stuart A. Queen of San Francisco as secretary-treasurer.

The Conference was literally what its name signifies, and was a meeting of deep concern and breadth of vision. Men and women of wide experience and of thorough preparation made vital contributions to the cause for which the Conference was called. Unquestioned cordiality was extended by the Fresno people and unexampled consideration was given by the local press.

The program was comprehensive and vital. On the question of "Religion and Social Work, Bishop Wm. M. Bell of the United Brethren Diocese of the Pacific Coast made a notable address in which he declared, "If the Organized Church gets in the way of our Lord's program for social justice and advancement, then the world will discriminate between true Christianity and the Ecclesiasticism that misrepresents it." Editor Chester Rowell of the Fresno Republican was happy in his address of welcome, among other things declaring, "We all have reached the conclusion that our social order is a patchwork. We are looking forward to social repairs, and some of us are hoping for the period of social reconstruction." Said Mrs. Carrie P. Bryant, a member of the State Board of Charities and Corrections: "The Conference stands for knowledge and intelligence in dealing with the unfortunate members of society." Dr. Martin A. Meyer of San Francisco showed "religion is facing acid test," and asked the question, "Can we affirm our belief in the brotherhood of man on our Sabbath, and practice the brotherhood of wealth on week days?"

Such problems as "Unemployment," "The Girl Problem," "The Detention Home," "Immigration and Housing," "Housing and the City Problem," "Adult Probation," "Wards of the State," "Family Desertion," "Child Placing," "State Aid to Children," "Social Work for the Church," "Municipal Organization and Control of Charities," "County Charities and Corrections," "The Boy Problem," "Social Hygiene," "The Juvenile Court," et al., show wide vision of men and women having hearts set for the betterment of the unfortunate members of society.

The State is fortunate in having Dr. Jessica B. Peixotto of the University of California, a member of its board, who made a worthy contribution to the Conference. Along with her was Miss Mary Brusie, Secretary Native Sons' and Native Daughters' Central Committee on Homeless Children, giving a fund of wisdom and experience in her department, which was highly appreciated.

Of course Dr. Milbank Johnson, the president elect, was received with favor, saying many things in a number of the conferences soliciting approval and controversy. He said the Municipal Charities' Commission of Los Angeles got jobs for 28,600 men last year, and in doing so they did not create a single job. He declares there is not enough work for the unemployed army and some means should be devised whereby more work could be provided for the vast army, who are literally begging for employment.

L. A. Holbert, superintendent Kansas City Board of Public Welfare, was heard in a number of round table conferences and general meetings, giving out information regarding the Kansas City work and methods.

Stuart A. Queen, the secretary of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, and also secretary of this conference, came in for a goodly share of commendation for his splendid work in organizing the program, securing a strong platform contingency, adjusting the details of the conference, and carrying things through the vital issue.

The Palmer-Owens child labor bill before Congress was adopted, as the Republican put it, "by unanimous and vociferous vote," and wired to the Senate chairman.

Bills now before the Legislature were considered and advised upon, which, when acted upon, will promote the public welfare.

It is interesting to note that the State has twelve institutions for unfortunate blind, feeble-minded, insane, reform and correctional folk, in which, during the year ending June 30, 1914, care was given 22,485. In county jails, hospitals, detention homes, out-relief, numbering 140, care was given 71,013 people. Orphanages, et al., provided for 15,277. Including children's institutions, there are about 915 institutions subject to inspection by the State Board of Charities and Corrections, in which 108,775 people are cared for by 3,839 employers, at an expenditure of some $6,938,731.67. This is somewhat determinative of the magnitude and importance of this work.

THE CHURCH STATIONARY DURING THE FIRST DECADE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

To the State Federation of Women's Clubs assembled in midwinter convention Mr. Charles Stelzle brought facts and figures concerning the present condition of the church which appear to have a significance that no amount of corrective explanation can destroy, says the Boston Transcript. He showed that in 1910 twenty-two persons in every hundred were members of the Protestant churches—no more and no less than the records show for the year 1900.

"During ten years this great group of churches has remained stationary, after the long period of its increase from seven persons in every hundred at the beginning of the nineteenth century to a number three times as large at the opening of the twentieth century. Plainly such inertia cannot long hold its own, and Mr. Stezle is right in asserting that even its past record is of far less moment than the question, What will the next decade show? The facts are quite clear to prove a crisis at hand. May we not hope that its pressure will rally the church once more to a new manifestation of its might, help to close sectarian schisms in the interest of mutual prosperity, and lead to a restatement of Christianity in terms that will more nearly suit the age?

"Mr. Stelzle feels that there is an unfortunate complacency among clergymen even in the face of such conditions as confront them. In so far as there is complacency it is indeed to be regretted, but none the less the signs of the times have been more than ever big of late with the evidence of a new frankness and the promise of fresh attainment. In each of the past two seasons in Boston, for instance, theologians of recognized rank have spoken out at the Lowell Institute for a full inventory of the churches'

position and asked for a new spiritual efficiency. Professor Kirsopp Lake set clearly forward his conviction of our need for restatement of Christianity in terms of the needs the facts of today. This year the Archdeacon of Ely entered boldly into the quest of some common social and religious ground whereon all the sects might agree to stand. He would give churchmen such consciousness of the ultimately religious nature of all social and political problems that their interest in the church mush be doubly stimulated. Many another force in the churches is tending to the recognition of Mr. Stelzle's truth in remarking, 'We must talk less about building up the church as an end in itself and more about building up the people'.

"Ministers have an especial problem just now in the choice of their sermons while the war in Europe continues so to prepossess men's minds. In Europe itself the war is proving a great stimulus to religious faith. In every one of the countries engaged, church-going is more general than it has been for decades. Men have been literally forced by the terror of finite catastrophes into the contemplation of infinite and more abiding truths. Here in America, where the mighty struggle comes not so near to men's hearts and experience, too many ministers have assumed the speech of war-correspondents, talking of world theories, which they know too little, mistaking forceful language for the real strength of certainty. Let the preachers turn away from talk about peace at any price, all doctrine of national degeneracy and kindred inanities, and appreciate the value of the Outlook's counsel for the week that 'he who out of his own experience can tell his fellow-men how they can keep the love of God in their hearts, how they can find a divine joy in earthly sorrow, how they can maintain a serene spirit in the midst of the tempest, will give to his congregation the message which congregations are eager to hear.' "

A POLYGLOT CHURCH.

The New York Post says that something happened in Labor Temple, New York City, one day last week which is "new for the Presbyterian Church, and perhaps for the other churches of the country." A polyglot church was organized, with officers elected speaking five different languages. There were 200 members received, 189 of them on profession of faith. This is the first Presbyterian Church that has been organized south of 14th street and east of Fourth avenue in a long time. The organization is typical of the community. There are 600,000 inhabitants south of 14th street and east of the Bowery. English, Italian, Russian, Ruthenian, and Hungarian are all spoken among this population. The church organization in the Labor Temple has preaching in these five tongues. The membership represents many other tongus and nationalities. The medium of English, however, is sufficient for the greater part of the people at Labor Temple. The Bible school is conducted entirely in English. The preaching in the five different tongues will be kept up as long as it remains necessary to reach the people of the community. Perhaps the influx of adult population not familiar with English will make it necessary to use the native tongue for a considerable time.

Vanity dies hard; in some obstinate cases it outlives the man.—Stevenson.

THE AFTER-VOICE.

A Sermon by the Rev. Luther Dyott, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Portland.

Text: "And, behold, Jehovah passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before Jehovah; but Jehovah was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but Jehovah was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but Jehovah was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice."—I Kings xiv: 11-12.

Witnessing the war of elements, Elijah, the prophet of deeds, stood unmoved by fear. He heard and saw enough to frighten most persons. There is something so weird about the strong winds in the night, shrieking through the mountain ravines. An earthquake is even more terrifying, when the ground beneath one's feet heaves and reels as though it were convulsed by pain and travail. Then when tongues of fire issue forth from the uncooled mouth of perdition there certainly seems to be no time for one to utter polished little platitudes about thinking his way through nature to God.

But our prophet of deeds, even while quite discouraged on account of some things which had happened before this never-to-be-forgotten night, was impressively imperturbable. There was a reason. He was waiting for the after-voice. It came. Then the main thing to him was not the theophany; neither was it nature's catastrophe. It was the after-voice. Sensible man! He knew the place of God. Thus he found his own place on God's program for him.

Any philosophy of life, attempting to help us find our place in the universe, must include God. When seriously we undertake to explain things we must think of him. Otherwise our explanations do not explain.

We dare not, however, charge him with everything that happens in the world. On the other hand, we are not to conclude that omnipotence is helpless in the fortuitous concourse of things, or that he has started machinery that he cannot control. His hands are not tied by his own laws.

We may theorize about the facts of life, but our theories have no lasting value unless they comport with facts. Facts are facts, no matter what our theorists may have to say about them. But a theory may demonstrate its validity, and become regnant over all observation, when it absorbs that for which the fact stands, and refuses to shift its position at the dictates of volatile opinions, lacking the note of authority.

No synthesis of human induction is quite adequate until "the still small voice" speaks within us. Then divine authority is located in the deepest consciousness of human life. Then we come to give some account of ourselves in terms which refuse to leave God out of our estimate.

When we locate God, through the light of our better understanding, we do not persist in identifying him with all manner of calamities, just because he is God and just because somebody desires to blame somebody else. The divine within us waits for the after-voice and then rises to interpret whatever comes to pass, not as isolated phenomena, here and there at war, but as "part of one stupendous whole."

Catching some foregleam of human destiny, we see that the underlying principle everywhere is in the interest of the development of character, while man is never approximately man, without correct concepts of God. Thus, at

length, we regard nothing as coming from him which does not square with our deliberate convictions of the best; and where we do not understand that which befalls ourselves and others we wait for the after-voice.

Our belief in the immanence of the eternal should not suppress our power of discrimination. Faith has no glory in the absence of reason. Good religion and good sense, in their final analysis, are not at variance.

God is not, however, exiled by life's startling phenomena. Just here we cannot get away from the thought of him, when we do not mean to blame him. Faith must not be driven far afield when the reason in faith finds some things now and again in which it does not discover the finalities of wise and benignant purposes. When the wind, the earthquake and the fire subside, we can better hear and understand the still small voice—the after-voice, which though it be only "a sound of gentle stillness," is mightier than all preceding it, for it is the voice of God.

When our aptitude, faculties and powers of receptivity allow the evidence of God's existence to be carried into the central consciousness of our lives, when our God consciousness becomes indubitable, when our ideas of God are such as his divine Son, Jesus, held, then we do not entertain absurd and unworthy thoughts of God and ourselves and about revelation and communion, and all else for which they stand. Then we cease to think of human beings as toys of fate. Then we are quite unwilling to regard the children of men as the deaf, dumb and blind offspring of a Heavenly Father. Then do we consider it quite unnecessary to ask the question, "Does God speak to man?"

We pass beyond this, and, possessing the preponderance of evidence, dare to affirm that it is necessary for God to speak to man. This necessity lies partly in him and partly in us. But the conditions are different. His nature and responsibility, his love and power, his interest in us, his desire to do the best he can for us all; in fact, all that he is, would ever make it necessary for him to utter himself to us through the very best means. Since God is God and man is man it is necessary for him to communicate his nature and will to us.

The other part of the necessity, residing in us, argues powerfully for a continuous and progressive revelation of God upon the basis of human need and divine relationship. Left to ourselves, we madly rush to ruin. Failing to wait for the after-voice, we make false conclusions, while storms and disasters sweep through the dark night. We make fiendish plots and call them good. We saturate the earth with the blood of our brother man and turn the rivers red, and ask God to help our side win, and call this civilization and patriotism.

We do a thousand other things that are no more the will of God than sin is holiness, and then we wonder why the world is not more speedily transformed. All this is because we have either not heard the still small voice, or hearing, have not obeyed it. Then self-orphaned humans shudder in the presence of moral cyclones, earthquakes and fire, and vainly seek a loving father in these things, while heathenish souls look on and say, "Where is thy God?" We reply, "Wait, even yet the after-voice will speak."

Now let us consider the might of the after-voice. Its might is that of God. In this connection, we use the word in a different sense from that which is primarily and chiefly given it. To be sure, we do not mean bodily strength, or physical power, although there are times, when, on account of the intimate relation between the physiological and psychological, a voice does impart strength to the physical being. But, by might of "the still small voice" we mean that quality in the character of almighty God which seeks to convey itself to weak mortals on earth, or those in need of such help as the Lord himself can give. Most of us are weaker than we have any right to be. There may be times when God is really not so much pitying our weakness as he is seeking to evidence our strength by appealing to it, and calling it forth for co-operation with him. Be that as it may; merit or no merit, even when one is constrained to say:

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling distrust,
A prayer without a claim;

even then the voice comes to strengthen and to intimate the possible greatness of one's life which may be found beyond one's failure.

The might of the after-voice is in its gentleness. Our Father deals with us so gently when we need gentleness, and he does not despise the irreducible minimum of religion in the common heart of humanity. "A bruised reed will he not break, and a dimly burning wick will he not quench." Some day vindicated man may stand forth and say: "Thy gentleness hath made me great." The might of the after-voice is expressive of God's faith in us. He never ceases to believe in us. Wonder surpassing all others! It is not so remarkable that we should believe in him. We have never had any reason to doubt him. The wonder is that, in spite of all, he never ceases to believe in us. This is the might of the after-voice.

It is the voice of love, the mightiest thing of God, directing all his other attributes—perfect love casting out our fear. The love which expels, impels, compels. It expels sin; impels us to do good; compels obedience to the one who speaks as the best proof of our reciprocal affection and loyalty. The mission of the after-voice is to recover and restore the dislocated lives of men.

Many forces at work in the world confuse men's thoughts, prevent their poise and throw human hearts from their center of rest.

Our age lacks depth, thoroughness and experience in religion itself. Many persons do not weigh enough, morally. Lacking moral avoirdupois, they are tossed hither and thither by any wind that blows, and they rather enjoy, superficially, the sensation. The novel and the spectacular appeal to the shallow parts of persons who do not live in the depths of their lives.

Then we have noisy souls, with passions for movements, and then the iconoclasts who seem to feel that the chief business of their religion is to rend mountains, and break in pieces the rocks.

Our transitional era is just what they are looking for, but their cheap, showy performances make wrong use of it, and misuse is abuse. The supreme delight of some is to start a movement. Its new phenomena appeal to their mercurial and temperamental nature. Movements are good, not because they are movements, but when they are of God. We should test them all accordingly. Subjected to this test, there is probably not a religious sect born

in the last hundred years that is essential, as a sect, to the real spirit of religion. But men go on. They swing to extremes. Some mistake the wind, the earthquake and the fire for the real things. Opposites produce opposites.

Hence others are saying, "we will have none of these things," and they rush to the opposite extreme and become "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null"; while many good persons hold themselves aloof, and seem to think that they have met their responsibilities by encouraging their relatives to be religious. Still others wholly abandon faith and thus abandon themselves. And, yet, others feed on sin, surfeit amid a satiety of what they call pleasures, and throw away their God-proffered crowns for the possibilities of developed character. All of these mentioned, and many more, need to hear and heed the after-voice whose mission it is to restore dislocated lives. Startling phenomena are impotent in attempts to work permanent reforms. Emotionality, at the expense of poise, shoots tongues of fire upon the palpitating bosom of the night, but when the morning comes we find ashes instead of fire.

Nothing but the after-voice can bring order out of our moral chaos. The meaning of the after-voice is this: God is near. He is ready to do his part. He realizes the necessity of his presence, and the magnitude of his opportunity. Wind, earthquake and fire do not appal, defeat or discourage him. He is abroad on a mission of recovery, and to give interpretations of incidents and events which otherwise would confuse, confound and overwhelm even the deepest thoughts of our best thinkers. He has something to say to the tired souls of men in this age of unrest, in these times of turbulence, strife and war. But his voice is still and small. Why? Because he is so near.

There is no satisfactory explanation of the profoundest problems and perplexities of human life, save through the after-voice. In our own personal experiences, that which seems to work havoc does not explain itself. Sorrow does not explain sorrow. Pain does not explain pain. Suffering does not explain suffering. The inequalitities of life do not explain the inequalities of life. Death does not explain death.

And, oh, so often we turn away from the explanations which men, of themselves, offer, however plausible, with feelings of distinct disappointment. Their logic is, all too often, but thin ice; and we are trying to get back to the shore. Belief is seeking to put its feet on terra firma that it may lift its head in the higher realm of life. Tired of beliefs, we dare not live without belief. God is near. Rest in him while storms rage, earthquakes rock and fires flame through the night. They cannot last forever. The after-voice will come with the meaning we need to know. Neither unbelief nor misbelief can do for us that which needs to be done when we meet the great trials of life.

"God is his own interpreter, and he will make it plain." You can afford to wait for the after-voice. It is always on time to do the very thing for us which most needs to be done.

In the affairs of everyday life, where there is so much noise, conscience is the "still small voice" of God. In the affairs of religion, where men differ sometimes about non-essentials, conscience is the "still small voice" of God. On all difficult questions that must be settled, especially many of those which perplex young people, conscience is the "still small voice" of God. But it is so only when it really is of God himself. It is important that one's conscience be of God, rather than a flexible, adjustable thing, rendered more or less convenient for our crude notions of right and wrong. Once being sure that it is of him, and we are sure of this when it is the expression of divine nature, then our business is to obey its dictates.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.
Obey the "still small voice."

In the evolution of religion Jesus is the after-voice, following the periods of sacred history and stirring prophecy, and following that which sinful men visited upon him while he was on earth, we hear his still, small voice saying, "It is finished." There was night in the garden, and the wind raged, sobbed and sighed. There was a moral earthquake when the day began to dawn for his triumph. His whole life was the after-voice explaining that which had gone before, and intimating the best which is yet to be for us all.

Facing our tomorrow, while living in the realities of today, there is borne in upon our religious consciousness the fact that still the spirit of God is pervasive, and this voice is our comforter, guide and stay along the path of mysterious life. When perils, perplexities and doubts are ours; when we tremble in darkness, or walk in the light; in adversity or prosperity; in sorrow or in joy; wherever we are, and whatever we do, be sure of this, we are all going somewhere and we shall reach the end of our journey sometime. We are safe when we obey the voice.

Ever present, truest Friend
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er.
Whispering softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

Obey the voice. It means life, love, sacrifice, service, triumph and a twofold immortality, one which we shall leave on earth as an immortal influence for good; the other found in perfect service and perfect enjoyment in the great beyond. Nothing less than fullness of life can satisfy the demands of our deepest nature, and this can be found only through obedience to the voice of God.

A LEGEND.

Two buckets came oft to a moss-grown well;
Said one, with a sigh of pain,
"No matter how full I leave this place
I empty return again."

But the other one laughed and gayly said,
"My friend, I find it the rule
That no matter how empty I reach this place,
I always leave brim full."

—Florence I. Ward, in Boston Transcript.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Berkeley, First. — Twelve persons united with the church last Sunday, one on confession.

San Francisco, First.—A Christian Endeavor Society has been organized with forty charter members. Seventy persons attended the first meeting. Last Sunday 58 persons united with the church, 28 on confession.

Tulare.—On February 28 the church at Tulare, Rev. E. D. Weage, pastor, received fifty-three members, but four of them by confession. Seventy per cent of this number are adults. The list represents twenty-six families, who have not hitherto been connected with the church. This gives a present enrollment of two hundred and thirty. The additions came at the close of union services conducted by Rev. Tillman Hobson. Still others are to unite a little later

Berkeley, Park.—Park Congregational Church, Berkeley, has announced for the month of March a social half-hour every Sunday evening from 8:30 to 9:00 o'clock. This follows the evening service. Light refreshments will be served. The people are invited to ask questions concerning what Mr. Yoakum, the pastor, is to preach about those evenings, as well as concerning any religious matters they may have on their minds.

Campbell.—The Searchlights had charge of the evening services. Miss Bersanger, class president presided, and the class furnished the ushers, collectors, music and decorations. They had procured Hon. W. A. Beasly, judge of the Juvenile Court, who gave a strong and inspirational talk on "The work of the Juvenile Court for and with the girls of our country." A large audience greeted the Judge as our sister church accepted the invitation of the Searchlights and joined with us, making it a union service. Things seem bright as we face Easter.

Oakland Pilgrim.—Since November 1st we have been running a series of pictures which we have called "Motion Pictures with a Message." Mr. Youtz uses the subjects of the pictures for the basis of a ten-minute sermonette, and then follows with the moving pictures. By this means we have been able to reach a good many who are otherwise seldom inside a church. It is believed we are helping to remove some erroneous ideas of what the church stands for. We have installed a new motion picture machine of our own, and believe that it will be useful in many ways. For some time we have used the machine in our gymnasium on Friday evening, having an interval between a reel of Pathe News and an educational film for sociability and games.

Loomis.—Rev. C. W. Merrill was with us the last week in February. Although the weather was stormy and unsettled most of the time making the roads almost impassable in some places we had a very good attendance. The meetings were interesting and profitable. The members of the church were quickened. Quite a number responded to the invitations which were given. The last Sunday was especially significant when the presence of the Spirit was clearly manifest in all the services. We pray that God's rich blessing may rest upon this brother wherever he may labor. The Wednesday following these meetings the Efficiency Team visited us. The attendance was not what we hoped owing to the extremely busy time after the long rains! but all were helped and we feel that the meeting was a great blessing.

Pomona.—On Tuesday, March 2nd, the Woman's Missionary Union of Pilgrim Church held their Annual Thankoffering meeting, with sessions both forenoon and afternoon. In the forenoon Mrs. Mary M. Coman, of Covina, spoke of the plan of work of the W. H. M. U. for the coming year, and also told something of the story of her early life as the child of missionaries in Bulgaria, where she was born. So great was the interest that she was asked to repeat this "story" at the afternoon session, that others not present in the morning might hear it. The address of the afternoon was given by Mrs. Mary P. Ament, formerly in mission work in China, now a resident of Claremont. The thankoffering amounted to something over $90.00. In the evening of the same day Rev. R. B. Larkin of Los Angeles gave an address on "The New Chemistry," with special reference to radio-activity. The auditorium of Pilgrim House was comfortably filled with interested listeners at this purely scientific lecture.

Eureka.—The First Congregational Church of Eureka held its annual meeting at the church on the evening of January 19th. The members had been invited by the Ladies' League to assemble at the church at 6:30 in the evening and partake of dinner before the meeting. A very bountiful repast had been prepared, and was thoroughly enjoyed by those present, and it proved to be a splendid introduction to an enthusiastic meeting. A count of those present showed exactly one hundred, most of them being members of the church. Reports were given from every department of the church, and all were highly encouraging, and showed that the present leader is doing splendid work. Financially, the church is doing well. The direct method of giving has been used during the past year, and the receipts totaled $2892, with an expenditures of $2784. While $60 were received from the Missionary Society and $146 from the League, this money was raised by voluntary offerings at their meetings. The Sunday-school had an average attendance of 127 and receipts of $241. Benevolences were paid in full. Christian Endeavor Society is small but doing good work. Following the close of the business the members listened to an inspiring address by the pastor on the Successful Church, in which he aptly described the successful church as the one which meets all its obligations—socially, financially and evangelically, and does it efficiently. And it seems that this characterization of a successful church offers a very fitting expression of the fundamental plan that is being worked out little by little at the First Congregational Church of Eureka. Its evangelical duty is being put first, of course, but at the same time the other duties of the church are not being overlooked. The membership are united. Apparently there are no factions. Not all are working equally hard, but all are working harder than they have done in the past. And the pastor is greatly beloved.

WHILE WAITING AT COLFAX.

While waiting for No. 9, six hours late, I want to drop a line to the Pacific, concerning our Efficiency campaign.

The team consisted of Geo. DeKay, supply at Auburn, J. E. Tedford of Grass Valley, A. E. Bradstreet of Loomis and Geo. E. Atkinson of Campbell, representing the State Committee and outside man. The pastor of Rocklin joined in the meetings at Loomis as did also C. W. Merrill who had been holding special meetings there all the week previous.

The meetings in Loomis, Auburn and Grass Valley differed in each place as to details, but all were very helpful Each church expressing itself as appreciating the help and inspiration received. For those of us pastors on the "team" it was a rare opportunity for fellowship in the truest sense of the term, the days spent together were indeed very helpful. The afternoon conference at Grass Valley was especially helpful from the fact that the people there took part so splendidly in the discussion. From my experience this week, also on similar meetings before, I regard this plan as a splendid one and surely trust this same plan or a similar one may be observed each year. The frank interchange of plans and methods, thus facing our common problems and rejoicing each with the other in perchance some achievements, is valuable. Success to the plan and all the various teams in the future!

Colfax. Feb.6. GEO. E. ATKINSON.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Boulevard Church, Oakland, will dedicate its building Sunday April the 4th at three o'clock in the afternoon. Sermon by Dr. Brooks.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the Rev. Robert Walker will speak on "Scottish Wit and Humor."

A DELIGHTFUL EVENING.

Some one has written:

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

Perhaps Dr. and Mrs. Aked had that in mind when they invited the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity to come with their wives to a dinner in the parlors of the new church last Thursday evening. A most delightful after-dinner program had been arranged and there was laughter enough all around to send its beneficent influences down through many days. Among the things listed were: "The Pliability of the English Tongue." "Notes and Notions." "Scotch Jokes" "Megrims and Mimicries." "Anec-dotage — with a Sur-prise." And a debate on this momentous question: Resolved, "That the moustache, in esse or in posse, is essential to man's economic progress, political liberty, and eternal salvation."

In lengthy recitations, humorous and otherwise, which showed a remarkable memory, Dr. Aked illustrated the pliability of the tongue.

The Rev. F. Bissell brought the notes and notions in some unusual and humorous songs which greatly amused.

The Rev. Robert Walker "brought down the house" by rich Scotch jokes, told in an inimitable way.

Mrs. R. C. Brooks drew applause again and again by her quaint recitations and songs relating to children and child life.

Under "Anecdotage" every one was asked to contribute a brief story relating to some minister, and so general was the response that Dr. Aked admitted that it was so beyond his expectations that he would have to call this part off when half way round so as to give time for the great debate.

Prof. Bade the Revs. A. W. Palmer and F. Cooper appeared on the affirmative; and Prof. Buckham and the Rev. Messrs. Charnock and Preston on the negative. Those on the affirmative do not have the moustache; those on the negative do.

So masterful were the arguments en masse on each side that the others of the company who were the judges felt grateful that they did not have to judge between the affirmative and the negative but that a prize was to be voted by them to the one on each side who had handled his side of the question most satisfactorily for the general edification. A fine Gillette safety razor was voted to Professor Buckham on the negative, and when it was announced that the vote on the affirmative was a tie for Professor Bade and Mr. Palmer, Dr. Aked presented the razor to the first named with the statement that another would be bought and presented to Mr. Palmer the next day.

The prize for the best anecdote, three books, among them Gertrude Atherton's "California," went to the Rev. A. B. Snider.

The ministers went home feeling that they would like to build new churches and have a similar "Disturbance."

WASHINGTON NEWS.

The meeting of the Yakima Association, held at Kennewick was one of unusual interest. The representation of the churches was satisfactory, especially that of the women's missionary union. Mrs. Granville R. Pike, was elected to succeed Mrs. M. R. Stuart as president of said union, with Mrs. H. P. James as vice-president. The feature of the meeting of the Missionary union was the address of M. A. Peacock, on India. It was illustrated and created so much interest that it was repeated at the public school the following day.

Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Natches, was elected moderator of the association, and Rev. O. D. Moon, of Ahtahnum, registrar. Among the speakers were Rev. W. D. Robinson, of No. Yakima, also Mrs. M. R. Stuart and Miss Jessie Burton of the same place; Rev. F. V. Hoyt, of Kennewick; Revs. W. W. Scudder, and J. H. Mathews of Seattle.

The ministers of the Spokane country were all busy during the last week conducting the efficiency campaign meetings. Meetings were held in at least a score of churches and we hear good reports from many places.

Rev. Gearge C. Weiss, formerly of Wisconsin, has begun work at Pasco. Rev. F. W. Keagy, a graduate of Pacific Theological Seminary, has began work at Sunnyside.

The program of the Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho Association will soon be with the churches. It will meet with the First Church, Walla Walla April 6-7. The general theme will be "The Church of To-day." President Penrose, of Whitman College is at the Deaconess' hospital, Spokane, under going treatment on one of his eyes. The prospects are as favorable as could be expected.

Spokane, Wash., March 5, 1915. J. EDWARDS.

OREGON.

Under the ministry of the Rev. Halbert Holmes at Forest Grove, Oregon, the evening congregations of the First Congregational Church have increased from 50 to 400 and more. Needed repairs are to be made on the interior of the church building.

EFFICIENCY CAMPAIGN.

Churches of the Bay Association.

Team No. 1.	Church.	Date.
Rev. Benjamin Gould, Leader.	Oakland, Olivet	Mar. 15-16
Rev. F. J. Van Horn,	Oakland, First	Mar. 17
Rev. E. C. Oakley,	Mill Valley	Mar. 18
Team No. 2		
Rev. H. S. Tuttle, Leader.	S. Francisco, Bethany	Mar. 24
Rev. A. W. Palmer,	Oakland, Plymouth,	Mar. 23
Rev. G. A. Charnook,	San Francisco, Sunset	Mar. 25
Team No. 3.		
Rev. Roy H. Campbell, Leader.	Oakland, Fourth	Apr. 1
Rev. C. C. Champlin,	San Rafael	Mar. 30
Rev. E. E. Youtz,	Oakland, Pilgrim	Mar. 31
Rev. Fred Goodsell,		
Team No. 4.		
Rev. C. L. Mears, Leader.	Alameda First	Mar. 23
Rev. H. G. Miller,	San Francisco, Park	Mar. 24
Rev. A. B. Snider,	S. F., Bethlehem	Mar. 25
Mr. C. Ruess,		
Team No. 5.		
Rev. G. D. Yoakum, Leader.	Berkeley, Park	Mar. 18
Rev. S. C. Patterson,	Berkeley, North	Mar. 16
Rev. R. C. Brooks,	Berkeley First	Mar. 24
Mr. Wm. Youngman,	Berkeley, Bethany	Mar. 15
Team No. 6.		
Rev. F. A. Bissell, Leader.	San Lorenzo	Mar. 16
Rev. E. B. Hart,	S. Francisco, Mission	Mar. 17
Rev. E. Hoskins.	Oakland, Ward Mem.	Mar. 18
Team No. 7.		
Rev. F. L. Cooper, Leader.	S. Francisco, Richmond	Mar. 17
Rev. J. B. Orr,	Oakland, Myrtle St.	Mar. 16
Rev. H. V. Miller,	Oakland, Boulevard	Mar. 18
Team No. 8.		
Rev. B. D. Naylor, Leader.	Haywards	Mar. 23
Rev. Chas. L. Hyde,	Niles	Mar. 25
Mr. F. I. Lorbeer,	Sunol	Mar. 24
Rev. Robert Walker,		
Team No. 9.		
Rev. C. F. Clarke,	Oakland, Fruitvale	Mar. 16
Rev. Griffith Griffiths,	Oakland, Grace	Mar. 17

For each church the suggested program is as follows:

2:00 p. m. Conference of team with pastor and officers of the church.

4:00 p. m. Conference with superintendent and officers of the Sunday-school.

6:00 p. m. Fellowship dinner — a small charge to cover actual cost.

7:30 p. m. Addresses: Evangelistic, Missionary; Practical, Inspirational.

To apply to others in charity the knowledge one has used against one's self in judgment,—this is the hard thing.—W. H. Mallock.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

My counsel is that we hold fast to the heavenly way and follow justice and virtue always, for the soul is immortal.—Plato, 400 B. C.

The Home.

THE EASTER SPIRIT.

Come, let us sit and talk about the miracles of spring—
(Now, why don't that dressmaker send my dress? The careless thing!)
See how from out the barren earth the lovely flowers rise
And nod in gladness 'neath the newer glory of the skies.
(My hat is trimmed with violets, with pink illusion drape;
And, O, I wish that it were here! It's quite the latest shape.)

How beautiful when winter ends to contemplate the fields
And see the dandelions, just like little golden shields!
(My coat, you know, has buttons that are made of Roman gold—
They cost! My goodness! Well, the price I never yet have told.)
I think one should sit silently and contemplate this life,
And see how sweetness rises from the hours of stress and strife.

The bursting buds—they typfiy the good in everything,
And show us how in mind and heart there is a gentle spring.
(I think it's more than time enough for my dress to be here;
I wish you'd ring that modiste up and tell her so, my dear.)
The daffodil, the columbine—all of the flowers fair—
They whisper of a lesson that the early flowers bear.

Let us go solemnly and sit, and listen to the songs,
And join in spirit with the mood that actuates the throngs—
(That milliner must hurry up, or she will make me late—
And I must have some time, you know, to get my hat on straight.)
Oh, how it helps one, now and then, to contemplate and see
The moral lesson that is held in all the things that be!

The thrilling melodies that rise in every Easter hymn,
The mellow light that faintly dies, all shadowy and dim—
(Why, here it's ten o'clock at night; they said that sure at nine
They'd have them here all safe and sound—that dress and hat of mine.
Please call them up and tell them that I'll die of sore distress
If Easter morning finds me with no nice new hat and dress.)

—W. D. Nesbit.

WHEREIN LIES TRUEST ECONOMY?

"Spend money, my boy, spend mony!" cried a thrifty old uncle, "but be sure you buy something!" Undoubtedly the wise old man meant, "When you buy get something worth the exchange; that which meets a real need."

The majority of Americans are ambitious to get ahead financially, they want to economize, and to be conservative in spending, and as a rule they manage pretty well in big transactions, for we have good business sense; yet this same majority are absolutely conscienceless in the squandering of nickels and dimes—and postage stamps.

Would that it were possible for the parents of an average home to see in a single pile the small coins spent during the year by their family—spent as separate nickels and dimes, I mean. It would make them long for the days of our forefathers, when children were not expected to carry purses, when street car tickets, lunch tickets and ice cream sodas were not to be had—for certain patent reasons.

Yet the reckless, nickel-spending habit is not confined to the children of the community by any means. How many men—good, hard-headed, honest business men—do you know who, although up to their eyes in debt, are continuously handing out small coins for things that gratify a moment's whim? I know one who sorely needs to have his eyes examined and glasses fitted, and another who needs to have bridge work done on his teeth, both of whom are procrastinating because of the cost, and still slipping dimes into things that they would be physically better without—all because the dimes are so small! And there are women innumerable who are most careful in home management and self-sacrificing in their own wardrobes who will literally "load up" with trifles at a 5 and 10-cent store merely because the cost is little.

The result is more than a mere dropping of bits of money; their homes are cluttered up with these cheap things, until neat housekeeping is well night impossible and worry possesses the woman who seeks to dit. They "never realize how much stuff they have" or how useless it all is until they go to move. Haven't you heard that wail?

The blame lies partly in the attractive bargain counters and stores, in the nickel attractions of all sorts that beset us on the streets; but back of it all is the inability to control our passing fancies and wants and the habit of waste that begins in our very early years. Apples half eaten, nothing finished up; new supplies of all kinds before they are needed, nothing more than half used. It is the result of abundance, with no idea of an end thereto.

And it has all come about in one generation. How our grandfathers and grandmothers hoarded their small possessions, mended their toys and cherished bright colored cards! (It was before the post card craze, you know.) I know a fine old gentleman who, true to his Scotch training in thrift, used to save white wrapping paper, fold it into books and write his sermons on it, while his own grandson now writes a line of spelling on about one page in five in a manilla bound book—and throws it away! Our school teachers certainly encourage a most extravagant use of tablets, books and pencils, and the children are not wholly to blame.

The complexity of modern living lies not merely in our doing too many things but in our having too many; in more books and papers than we can possibly read; more clothes than we can wear or take proper care of; more utensils than we can ever use, and so on down a long, long list. Better a few, those of the choicest sort, and those fully used! This means a saving of nickels and dimes until they aggregate the cost of something worth buying. Is not this the truest economy, the sanest sort of living?—Lee McCrae.

THE THREE GREAT ESSENTIALS OF A HOME.

"What are the three essentials of a home?"

An assembly of 500 women comprising the Social Economic Club of Chicago discussed this question for half a day, and reached no conclusion.

One woman said the three essentials are a good temper, a good mother and charge of the finances. This raised a debate. Others contended that the husband and wife are joint sovereigns and each should have an appropriation of the family money.

One timidly urged that the husband is the head of the house; another suggested that a good husband is at least one of the essentials; but none of the women paid much attention to these suggestions. They either left the husband out of their calculation or took him for granted.

A minister who happened in, being asked for his opinion, said: "A man, a woman and a cookstove." And the women applauded, doubtless not thinking that a man, a woman and a cookstove may constitute a dive as well as a home.

A husband who came to get his wife volunteered this: "A man who provides, a woman who attends to her own business, and supper on time." This was hissed, though in real substance it is the same as the minister's applauded answer.

Finally one of the youngest men present ventured: "A man, a woman and a baby."

This comes nearer the true essentials, though there are good homes without babies. The baby may not yet have come to the cozy nest that has been softly lined for it with love. The baby may have gone, leaving the heart-strings of the man and woman knitted still more securely in common grief and sympathy. The baby and other babies may be growing up and in every day of growing making the home more truly home. The babies may have homes and babies of their own, but where is there in all the world a home like the serene home of grandpa and grandma? Its old floor is polished by many hurrying, happy feet. Its old walls are decorated with a thousand treasured fingermarks. Its atmosphere is sweet with a million tender memories.

The true answer to the question is a simple one.

Narrowed down to three things, the real essentials of a home are these:

A man and wife and love.—Charles Grant Miller.

For The Children.

A PEACE-DAY PROBLEM.

"Don't you think you would better make up with Bill now that Peace Day is coming?" asked father.

Tim closed his arithmetic and for a moment forgot the difficult problem he had been trying to master.

"Don't think I can, father," he said deliberately yet respectfully. "I didn't let him off so easy before there was a Peace Day, and people haven't begun to make so very much of that day yet."

"And until the people are interested in peace, arbitration will never take the place of militarism in the settlement of trouble," said father. "The only lasting peace is that of the heart."

"Yes, that's what I've found out," said Tim. Then he turned his attention to the problem in his book which he was trying to solve. Book problems are not so difficult of solution as are life problems, and the lad believed that he would find a little rest of heart in this problem of long division. He had had so many hard tussels with long division in the past that he was glad there was now an opportunity to outdo "this enemy of his life," as he had often termed it.

But now Tim could not succeed in keeping his mind upon that problem; he was thinking all the time of Bill and their trouble.

"P'raps it wasn't such a mean thing for him to do to me, after all," he mused; "but it seemed so at the time, and it has kept on seeming so, too. When a fellow who has always been your chum is umpire, I should think that he might give you a fair chance, anyway; but it don't seem as if that is what Bill has done for me. He decided right

square against me. All the fellows on my side said so, and I guess we wouldn't all be mistaken. No, sir-ree-sir! Guess not!"

At this point Tim seemed to resolve into two selves, and these two selves entered upon a very lively debate. The first self asserted that Bill was guilty of rendering a false decision against Tim, and the second self took the opposite view. Each brought forth argument after argument to support his own case, and each seemed to think that his arguments had quieted those of his opponent. Surely there is no court where matters can move so swiftly as in that court which is the human soul.

Tim himself was, of course, the judge who must decide between these two selves; and after carefully weighing the evidence which had been brought forth by both, he said to himself: "What difference does it make after all, whether Bill was right or wrong. The game's all over now, and nearly every one has forgotten all about this trouble 'cepting Bill and me, and he'd forget it fast enough if I'd just let up on it myself and stop treatin' him so cool. And I will; yes, sir, I will! And I'll surprise father and Bill and everybody else by letting them see that I'm not going to carry an old grudge over Peace Day."

Having settled this internal problem, Tim was now ready to tussel harder than ever with his book problem; and now that his mind was more at ease, he finished this in an uncommonly brief time.

The next day chanced to be Hague Day; and as the others came to school bringing slips of paper on which were written the parts they were to take in the exercises, he took a little note, which he slipped into Bill's hand just before the bell rang. Bill glanced at it hurriedly, and this is what he read: "Our fuss is all off now. It don't make any difference now as to who was right or wrong in that old ball game; it's all over now. We'll be chums again, beginning the eighteenth of May. Yours truly, Tim."

Tim watched Bill as he read the note. Bill grinned good-naturedly at Tim just as he used to "grin" before he was umpire, and both knew by this sign that their misunderstanding was forever at an end.

Tim had refused to have any part in the program his school was to carry out on Peace Day. Like many boys, he did not like to face an audience, even of his schoolmates; but he felt that night that he had indeed had a part in the celebration of Hague Day—a very important part, too.—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

NEARLY TEN.

When a body comes to be nearly ten,
Ah! all sorts of troubles beset her then.
At least, if the body happens to be
The eldest of all in the family,
Whose mother's at work the whole of the day;
And I'm that body, I may as well say!

There isn't a baby in all our street
Who's nearly as pretty, or half as sweet
As our little Sally; but oh, dear me!
It's strange how heavy that baby can be.
And Tommy's a wonderful boy, I know;
But sometimes that child does bother me so.

It's "Hush-a-bye, baby," and off she goes;
But, if I put her down, that baby knows.
And, as soon as she's really fast asleep,
Then down on the floor our Tommy will creep.
And it's—"Don't wake baby, be quiet, do";
Or—"Tommy, you'll pull that cat's tail in two."

But, perhaps, when a body's worn out quite,
Her dear little mother will come in sight.
Then it's—"Polly, my pet, what should I do
If I hadn't a good little girl like you?"
And, somehow, a body feels glad just then
She's a grown-up girl of nearly ten!

—Cassel's Little Folks.

PATRIOTISM—A POINT OF VIEW.

I stooped and ran my fingers in the earth
And sudden felt my kinship with the mold,
My own—this strip of land, now bare and cold—
Beneath my touch I saw it warm, give birth;
I thrilled in ownership—and knew my worth.
I saw the sun rim round the house with gold,
I saw the smoke uncurling, fold on fold;
I dream it lost—life's fullness grew life's dearth.
My fathers gave their lives to keep this land,
My fathers loved and wrought and sang its soul,
Real, pulsing—mine they made it—yes, mine all!
Another threatens now with jealous hand.
I care not who he is, he asks my whole—
My God, and I should stand and see it fall!

O blind, who stretch their hands out toward the light
That shines to fill their little dark! The sun
Greets those who can forget a battle won,
Who dare to judge the god for which they fight.
I see not dully with my fathers' sight;
This little land was theirs—they knew but one—
But mine, the world and every brave deed done;
My nation are the few who stand for right.
My fathers lived their lives both false and true;
One people holds no torch to guide the rest—
My hope lies in the whole humanity.
I still am proud, my love finds idols new.
I still must give unpaid to give my best—
O world, O man, take thou my loyalty!

—Clotilde De Grunsky.

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A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Kate S. Gates.

"I greatly regret that my business is so absorbing that I simply have not time for philanthropic or charitable work. I would be glad to be of some use in the world, but I am too fagged out when the day's work is done to tackle anything outside," said Mr. Deane to his pastor and friend, Dr. Grant.

"I am well aware that you must find your business cares very pressing, but we are not put here simply to acquire money, are we? I cannot help feeling that you are missing some wonderful opportunities of service, and some day you will bitterly regret your blindness," said his pastor gravely.

"Let me tell you a bit of a life story that came to my notice the other day. About a year ago a young man came from a country town to enter the employ of a prominent business man in this city. He was about twenty years of age, I should judge, and had just lost his mother, the last of his immediate family. He was a fine, clean, straight young fellow, a member of the little church at home, and he honestly meant to do his best in every way. He came to the city a perfect stranger, some one at home having been instrumental in procuring this situation for him, and having assured him that his employer would without doubt be a real friend to him. Of course he did not get very big pay at first, and he had to get board in a cheap boarding house, one of the most forlorn places on the face of the earth.

"'But,' he thought, cheerfully, 'my employer is a Christian man and a church member. When he finds I am doing my best he will take a little pains to make it pleasant for me. Perhaps he will ask me to go to church with him, or home to tea with him some night. I can stand it if I get just a little help.'

"But though he did his work well, and proved so reliable and trustworthy that he was promoted before long, not once did his employer exchange a word with him outside of business. His companions at his boarding place were not men he cared to associate with; and though he went to church quite regularly at first, no one happened to speak with him. He was getting dreadfully discouraged and heartsick.

"'Here I am,' he said to himself, bitterly, 'in the midst of this city full of people, and not a soul cares a straw whether I go to the bad or not. I'm beginning to think I don't care much myself.'

"Thanksgiving came, and the poor boy was desperately homesick.

"'If I had even one real friend I could bear it,' he said to himself in his room Thanksgiving morning. 'I have tried to keep straight and be good and true, but I have got to have friends. I'll go out on the street and pray that I may be guided to some good Christian willing to help me by being friendly. If there isn't any such, I'll give it up and go with the fellows to the saloon. They seem to have jolly times there.'

"So, putting on his coat and hat, he started out. From the kitchen doors came savory whiffs, and there was an air of festivity about the people as they hurried along the street. But no one spoke to him, and his face grew hard and bitter.

"'If ever I have a home I won't forget the homeless, I know,' he thought, as he choked back a sob. 'I'll just go down this street past the church, then'—

"Just around the next corner was a saloon. Some of the fellows at his table went there. A little gray-haired woman, very plainly dressed, but with such a motherly face, came hurrying down the street just then, and a sudden gust of wind blew her almost into his arms.

"'Do please excuse me,' she exclaimed. 'I was hurrying home from church as fast as ever I could,' she added with a whimsical smile, 'because for the first time in my life I must eat my Thanksgiving dinner alone, and I want to get it over with.'

"'I'm sorry for you, for I'm all alone too,' said the young man, impulsively.

"'You are? I have only a simple dinner, but would you come and share it with me?' asked the little old lady, her face all aglow now.

"Well, he went you may be sure, she won his confidence, and he just poured out his heart to her. She persuaded him to go to church with her next Sunday, and, under God, I believe she has saved him from ruin. And that young man had been in your employ for over six months. He had done his work well, and has been just longing for a word of Christian fellowship from you; but you were too busy making money to speak it.

"Dear friend, if you had found at the last great day that he had gone astray for lack of a helpful word you might have spoken, do you think all the money in the world would have seemed of any consequence whatever to you then?"—Zion's Herald.

Springfield, Mass.

A SMILING SUNBEAM.

Smile and dance a little longer
Thou flitting Sunbeam do! For
Your life and light my heart is yearning,
Tis' a Sunbeam I need like you.

Can the rays of light not shelter
'Neath thy trembling little wing,
Can they not abide forever
That my saddened heart might sing?

Oh, you dancing, smiling Sunbeam
All aglow with hope and love.
You have surely come to bless us
With His message from above.

May that message ever linger
With its smile of love so true,
That I may be a radiant Sunbeam
Through the smile that came from you.

—By Adaline Payne.

What is the difference in moral quality between keeping a saloon and running advertisements of whisky and beer?

Remember the whip of small cords, but also remember that it was Jesus Christ who used it.

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